

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



VOL. XI.

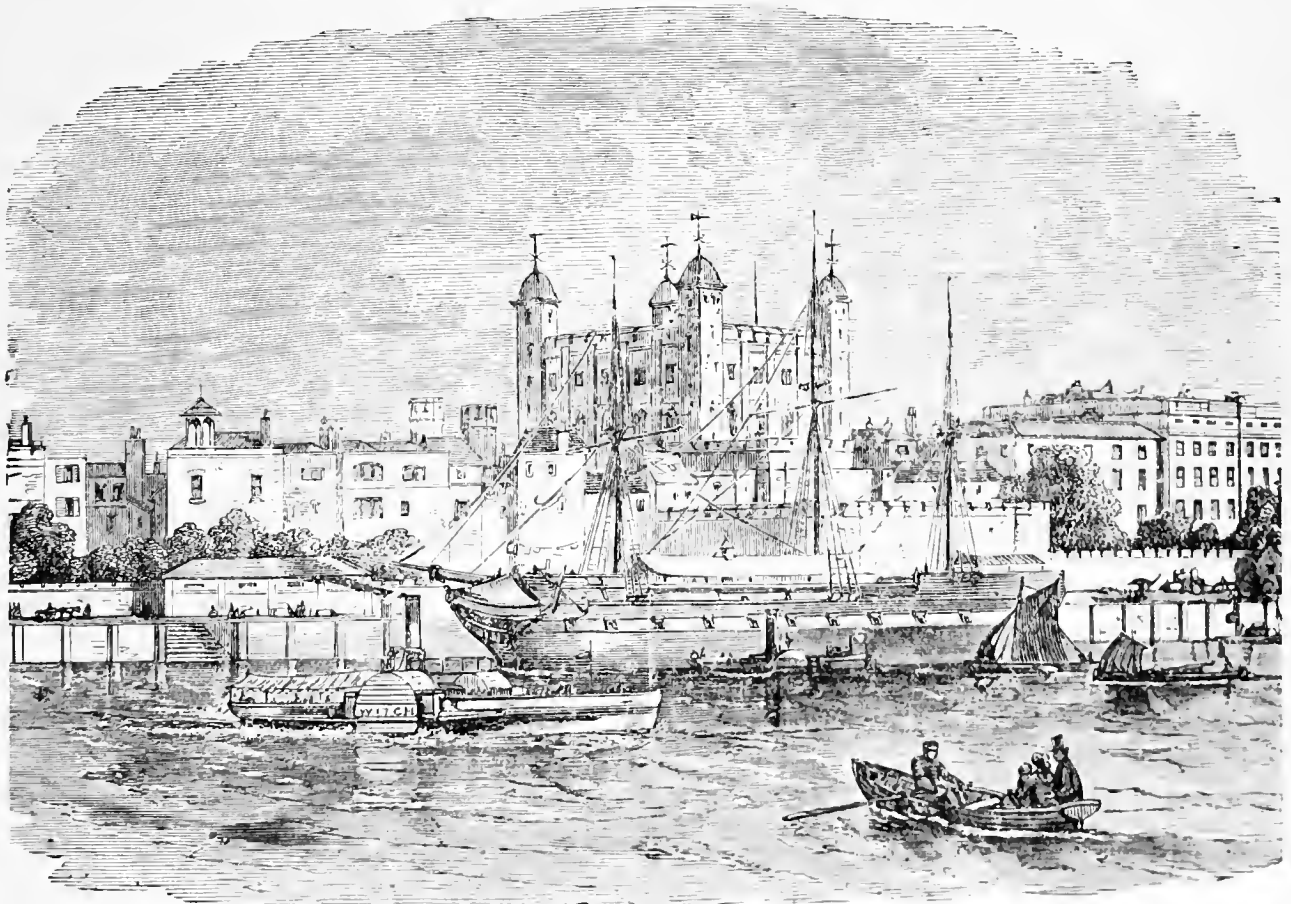
SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 1, 1876.

NO. 3.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THE Tower of London, a picture of which we herewith present to our readers, is one of the most interesting places for sight-seers to visit that all England contains. It is a confused mass of houses, towers, forts, batteries, ramparts, barracks, armories, storehouses and other buildings, covering an area of over twelve acres. It is situated on rising ground on the bank

the Conqueror nearly eight hundred years ago. During the reign of the first two Norman kings it was merely used as a fortress, but with the reign of the next king it was used as a state prison, and its size and strength were increased until it became an imposing stronghold. The kings frequently resided there, and on several occasions the Tower was besieged by



of the river Thames, on the east side of the city of London.

Some early writers have claimed that Julius Caesar first built the London Tower as a Roman fortress; but that is probably mere conjecture, founded on the fact of massive foundations and a coin of the time of Julius Caesar having been discovered on the site, when later buildings were being erected. The oldest of the present buildings was erected by order of William

their rebellious subjects. But it is from circumstances connected with the imprisonment and execution there of the numerous victims of the kings' and queens' displeasure that the tower has derived much of its fame. There, in former times, numbers of persons were cast into dungeons for some fancied offense against a tyrannical king or nobleman, and subjected to numerous tortures and finally put to death. There

illustrious persons were immured for months and years and finally beheaded or hung for daring to differ in their opinions on matters of government from those who held power in the land. But those are all things of the past; criminals or victims of cruel persecution no longer pine in the dungeons of the Tower, and the instruments of torture, and the ax and block, and the gallows are of no farther use there except to exhibit to curious visitors, who flock there by thousands every year to view the Tower and its curious contents, all of which are associated in their minds with gloomy memories of the past. Not the least interesting about the Tower are the quaint and touching inscriptions and devices carved on the walls of the dungeons by the many unfortunate prisoners who have at different times been confined there.

Should any of our readers chance to visit London they will feel well repaid for the small entrance fee charged for admission to the armory and the jewel-house contained in the Tower, by witnessing the curious and interesting sight they will there behold; but of these we will tell you more in future numbers, when we give you pictures of the ancient armor and crown jewels of England.

RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME.

BY C. R. SAVAGE.

CHAPTER III.

It was a cold, miserable morning when we awoke from our sound sleep at the "Travelers' Joy." It had been raining and snowing during the night, and the streets were sloppy and disagreeable to pedestrians. The weather, bad as it was, was the right kind for the religious tramps; they were busy "ragging up," as the theatrical people say, and were getting ready to make a raid upon the kind hearts who might really believe them the objects of charity they appear to be.

Tramps, and imposters of a like kind are frequently clever specimens of the genus actor. They are rarely what they seem to be. It is related of Edwin Forrest, the great actor, that on one occasion man approached him with a doleful story of his misfortunes. He handed him a five dollar bill, with the remark: "If what you say be true, the money will do you good, but if it is not true, you are the best actor I ever saw and therefore deserve it."

Doubtless some of my readers have seen just such a family as the religious singers mentioned before represented; they were a study I assure you. The head of the "family" had on a worn-out stove-pipe hat, and went in his shirt sleeves, while his pants were carefully ventilated at the knees. His "woman" was a woe-begone sample of despair; her tattered skirts hung in vertical lines from her hips, carefully fringed with rags, and her head was without covering. One of the boys had on a swallow-tailed coat, with one flap torn off; it must, originally, have been worn by an older person, as it was much too large for him; a greasy cap crowned his matted locks, and the toes of his right foot were exposed to light and air. A poor little girl with a pensive, pretty face, had on a bonnet of the period with some wretchedly faded out artificial flowers, the entire make up at variance with her age. The poor little soul may possibly have been an orphan, as children for the purpose of exciting the interest of benevolent people were hired from any source they could be obtained. A ragged shawl and stockingless feet completed her "make up." A cunning little dot of a boy completed this quintette; he had a jacket with only one

sleeve to it; and if my readers could have followed them into the street and heard their sweet music, they would have been treated to something like the following:

"I love Jesus, he's my Savior;
I love Jesus, yes I do-oo;
I love Jesus, he's my Savior;
Jesus smiles, and he loves me too."

I cannot say that the foregoing poetry was sung by the destitute family that I have endeavored to describe, but I have heard others work at the same theme with exasperating effect.

There was something in our appearance that always excited comment on the part of the knowing ones that were staying at the "Joy." Our tramp seemed proud of us, and always took pains to give us his approving commendations. We were more or less frightened at the pictures of sin and infamy that such a den presented, but we were taking notes, and although very "green," we were learning fast.

During the night there had been some additions to the visitors. The new comers were better dressed than the others; what they could be doing, we could not tell. Our tramp told us after we had left the inn that they were "cracksmen," or rather burglars. They had possibly "cracked a crib," in the rogues' language; in plain talk they had broken into and robbed some dwelling. The landlords of all such boarding houses as the one where we had been staying were generally in league with such villains and acted the part of a "fence," the slang name for a receiver of stolen goods. The goods were generally sent to an adjacent town to be sold by others in league with the "fence," and this movement rendered detection very difficult; and as according to the old adage, "There is honor among thieves," the rascals were seldom found out.

Our patron invited a rough looking specimen of humanity to help us finish up the cold "wittles," as he called the eatings of the previous day; and they washed down the crumbs with more "alf and alf," paid for out of our funds in charge of the walking savings bank, represented in the person of our protector.

We gathered up our little bundles of clothing, and, nodding to some of the inmates who had not commenced business, our companions led the way out of the "Travelers' Joy," to commence again the supplications common to those who had "not tasted food for twenty-four hours."

The road lay through an open country, not very thickly settled; and on the road the new accession to our party took great interest in us, and asked our names. Of course, like all naughty boys that get caught in doing wrong, and like many celebrated writers, we gave fictitious ones. We now heard for the first time the first name of our would-be father, and that was "Champ." He might have been a prize fighter, out of work, or a railway navvy; we could not tell. He stood nearly six feet high, was nearly forty years of age, and was sadly out of repair. He was afflicted with a chronic disease—constitutional fatigue, and no doubt looked upon us as a reward for his continued effort to maintain a lazy position. He was like the "Greasers" in New Mexico, whose principal occupation, according to Ross Brown, consists in supporting the walls of houses. He seemed to try to live without bending his back. He bragged considerably on our cudging powers and said we had a voice that would melt the heart of a stone. He could generally tell if a house was a good one to beg in; some marks on the outside door post or fence would indicate the possibility of success. Should the house be that of a crusty old bachelor he would say "Don't go in; he never gives nothin' to nobody." Kind-hearted old widow ladies were

considered the right sort to apply to. A dangerous dog at a house would be indicated by a kind of cross on the door post, and other signs that I do not know, which gave him a clue to the characters of the inmates. Thus we see that begging is reduced to a system, although I did not learn its details fully.

We were much interested in our new friend; he was a kind of professional tramp, who traveled from fair to fair, or races, as the case might be, practising some small games of gambling; at some places he did well, at others very badly. He showed us a few lessons to help us on; one was the placing of about eight or nine halfpence in a heap upon a circular block of wood and then offering the young aspirant in gambling the privilege of knocking off all he could from the pile with a marble, standing about a yard distant, for a penny. Rarely could an inexperienced hand hit the pile; and those who tried were generally obliged to stop before a great while on account of bankruptcy. Another little game consisted of placing sixpence in silver on the top of a piece of wood placed on a lump of clay. If the person who paid for the chance of throwing at it hit the sixpence and knocked it clean off the clay the money was his; but it rarely happened that the sixpence was struck. The stick was generally knocked away by the piece of wood thrown and the money fell on the lump of clay. He was very fertile in all sorts of "dodges" to trap the unwary youth; and when the petty gambling games were unsafe, he came down to legitimate business. With a large paper tied on to his stove-pipe hat he would run around a race track yelling:

"Correct card gents; names, weights, and colors of the riders only a penny!" This exertion indicated that this tramp had a little more energy than our adopted one. Some have a little more work in them than others.

It was not long before our new companion left us and turned off for a town some short distance from where we were. He said that a large cattle fair and races were to come off in a few days, so we parted company, with some regrets on my part, for he seemed to be a better man than Mr. Champ, and spoke very kindly to the little "green-uns" as he cheerfully called us.

If the reader in his travels should ever see a grave stone to the memory of Bill Spilton please drop a tear to the memory of the race-track tramp.

There were but few houses where we could practice the art of "cadging" and we had met with but indifferent luck. Evening came on; Tom had been successful in getting a little money from some farm hands, and he seemed inclined to stick to it; but our adopted friend slapped him on the ears, which brought tears into our happy family. He did not propose to trust us with money; as he was to look after us, he gave us to understand that we should give it all to him. He began to swear at us, and show his real character; for to tell the truth he was very hungry, and dry too. The difficulty was smoothed over as well as possible, but I had begun to think of getting away from his care; but how to do it was a difficulty.

Towards evening we made a raid on the kitchen of a wealthy farmer, and, by a well told story, induced the fat old cook to give us the frames of some roast chicken. The only thing I can think of that bears a resemblance to the evening meal and the manner of conducting it, is the scene in the "Two Potts," where Harry Bowring and Phil. Margetts are acting the part of two men on the point of starvation who suddenly find something to eat.

No boarding house, station-house, or any other kind of a home was looked forward to as a resting place for the night; and after dark we crawled under a large barn to sleep. The night was clear, and cold, and the little "green-uns" huddled

closely together to keep warm; but a new trouble arose to disturb us: the rats were very lively in our camp; but as they were well fed, they did not trouble us much, and we closed our eyes upon a cold, unfeeling world.

Old America.

BY G. M. O.

ANCIENT PERU.

(Continued.)

ACCORDING to Garcilazo's history, the period of the Incas was less than five hundred years, if their dynasty consisted of no more than thirteen or fourteen sovereigns; and Manco Capac with his mysterious origin and his miraculous powers of civilizing, he has undoubtedly borrowed from traditions from the older inhabitants of Peru. Baldwin says: "The only Spanish writer who really studied the ancient history of Peru in the traditional and other records of the country was Fernando Montesinos, who went there about a century after the conquest. He was sent from Spain on service which took him to every part of Peru, and gave him the best possible opportunities for investigation. He was a scholar and a worker, with a strong inclination to such studies; and during two periods of residence in the country, he devoted fifteen years to these inquiries with unremitting industry and great success." (Old America, 261.) He learned the Peruvian language, and collected the historical poems, traditions and narratives. He received assistance from old men who were trained to read the quippus, and who had learned from the Annautas. In fact he omitted nothing which could aid him in his purpose; and in this way made a great collection of old Peruvian documents. And the result of his labors are embodied in a work entitled "Memorias Antiquas Historiales del Peru," and another work on the conquest entitled "Annales."

Montesinos divided Peruvian history into three distinct periods. The first period began with civilization and lasted until the first or second century of the Christian era. The second was a period of disorder and decline, introduced by invasions from the east and south-east. The country was broken up into small states and many of the arts of civilization were lost. This period lasted over one thousand years. The third period was that of the Incas who revived civilization and restored the empire. Montesinos discards the wonderful stories told of Manco Capac and Mama Oollo, and says the nation was originated by a people led by four brothers, the youngest of these brothers assumed supreme authority, and became the first of a long line of sovereigns.

Here let us turn and read the first and second books of Nephi (Book of Mormon); and especially the beginning of the fifth verse, page 56. "And now my son Laman and also Lemuel and Sam—behold if ye will hearken unto the voice of Nephi (the younger son of the four) ye shall not perish." And also Book of Jacob (Book of Mormon, page 115): Nephi began to be old; he anointed a man to be king; the people, having loved Nephi exceedingly, are desirous of retaining his name, "and whoso should reign in his stead were called by the people second Nephi, third Nephi, etc., according to the reigns of the kings; and thus they were called by the people, let them be of whatever name they would." Ask the thoughtful reader is there anything more harmonious between sacred and secular history than this fact relating to the early colonization of Peru?

Montesinos gives a list of sixty-four kings who reigned in the first period. The first was Puhua-Manco or Ayar-Uchu-Topa (the youngest brother), whose power was increased by the willing submission of "neighboring nations." He was succeeded by Manco-Capac, a remarkable character. "Adjacent nations dreaded his power," and in his time the kingdom was much increased. The next king was Huainaeni-Pishua. During his reign was known the use of letters, and the Amantas taught astrology and the art of writing on leaves of the plantain tree. The fourth in order was Sinehi-Cozque, who won great victories and adorned and fortified the city of Cuzco. Inti-Capac-Yupanqui was another remarkable character. He divided the kingdom into districts and sub-districts, introduced a complete civil organization, arranged the calendar into the solar year of three hundred and sixty-five days, and established the system of couriers. Manco-Capac II. made great roads from Cuzco to the provinces. Nothing special is noted in the next thirteen reigns. Civil affairs received attention, a few conquests were made, and a great plague is mentioned (See Book of Mormon, verse 3, page 138).

The twentieth king was Huascar-Titupac, who gave all the provinces new governors of royal blood, and armed his soldiers with a cuirass made of cotton and copper. The twenty-first king was Manco-Capac Amanta. He was an astronomer and "convened a scientific council which agreed that the sun was at a greater distance from the earth than the moon, and that they followed different courses." During the next twelve reigns wars, conquests, and religious controversies are noted. Ayay-Manco, the thirty-fourth king, assembled the Amantas in Cuzco to reform the calendar and it was decided that the year should be divided into months of thirty days, and weeks of ten days, calling the five days at the end of the year a small week. They also collected the years into decades of ten's, calling each group of ten decades a sun. Of the next twenty-nine kings, Capac-Rayni Amanta, the thirty-eighth of the line, and Yahuar Huapiz, the fifty-first, were "celebrated for astronomical knowledge." The latter "intercalated a year at the end of four centuries." Manco-Capac III., the sixtieth sovereign, is supposed to have lived at the beginning of the Christian era. In his time "Peru had reached her greatest elevation and extension." The reigns of the next three kings covered thirty-two years. Titu Yupanqui Pachacuti, the thirty-fourth, was the last sovereign of the old kingdom: he was killed in battle with a host of invaders who came from the east and south-east. His death threw the whole kingdom into confusion. There was a rebellion as well as an invasion by which the empire was broken up into small states. Many ambitious ones taking advantage of the new king's youth denied him obedience, drew away from him the people and usurped several provinces. Those who remained faithful to the heir of Titu Yupanqui conducted him to Tambotoco, whose inhabitants offered him obedience. From this it happened that this monarch took the title of king of Tambotoco. During the next twenty-six reigns the government of the old royal house was centered in this little state; in fact these twenty-six kings were merely kings of Tambotoco. Tyrants over-ran the country, civil war prevailed, the whole country was in disorder, invaders attacked and despoiled province after province, life and personal safety were endangered, the people lost confidence in one and the other until by these disturbances the use of letters was lost. "The art of writing seems to have been mixed up with the issues of a religious controversy in the time of the old kingdom." (Baldwin).

During this unsettled time writing was proscribed even in the little state of Tambotoco. The fourteenth ruler (of the

twenty-six) "prohibited under the severest penalties, the use of *quellea* for writing and forbade also, the invention of letters." *Quellea* was plantain leaves made into a kind of parchment. It is said that one Amanta was put to death for attempting the restoration of the art of writing. This period of decline and disorder was the dark age of Peru, and lasted until the rise of the Incas, who restored order and reunited the country.

We have given but a skeleton sketch, a mere outline, of Peruvian history, as related by Montesinos. Let the earnest enquirer read that portion of the Book of Mormon contained in the books of Jacob, Enos, Jarom, Omni, Alma, Helaman and his son Nephi, and he can discern almost a parallel statement of facts by the two histories. Some may object to the dissimilarity of names; but this has no weight, being a well understood and frequent occurrence in sacred and secular writings, although there is a striking similarity in the pronunciation of the third king's name, Huainaevi, (*Hu-ai-n-e-vi*) and Nephi. We use it as no argument judging that there is enough and more abundant proof in the body of the two histories: always recollecting that the sacred history is but a condensed record of the religious progress of the country, and that Montesinos, on his part, gleaned his knowledge from those who lived ages after the event related had transpired, and consequently could get but a faint and imperfect version—mere dim and indistinct outlines of the early Peruvian history.

(To be Continued.)

A Trip to Our Antipodes.

BY HUGH KNOUGH.

CHAPTER III.

HERE we are, ourselves once again, and now feel like warriors ready for the fray; that is, we are prepared to do justice to all the good things that may be placed before us in the way of eatables, and feel prepared to enjoy our voyage with right good will.

Let us hasten on deck. What a glorious sight surround us! The sea, the sea, the open sea is on every side, and not a speck of land anywhere to be seen. Are you afraid? I trust not much, for the sailors tell us it is only when nearing land that there is any danger—that out on the open sea they are at home and in safety. Look up! What a beautiful sky! and see, what a number of large birds are skimming around and hovering over the ship. They are sea-gulls, and are following us for what food they can pick up. What are those dark, big things rolling and pitching in the water? there must be thousands of them. Porpoises, my boy, porpoises, fat and harmless.

What are those sailors doing at the stern of the vessel? They have a strong line with a large hook at the end on which is a large piece of pork. They drop it over the stern. Watch! O see that monster with fierce looking eyes and dreadful mouth how he darts at the bait! Yes, that is a shark, and if you wait awhile, perhaps they will hook him and haul him on deck. Ah! they have him at last and what a number of men it takes to haul him on deck! Keep out of the way of danger, for sharks are the most savage and desperate of all fish. They have him on deck now, and are striking him with hatchets and hand spikes. How he struggles and snaps at the men with his great mouth. He is dead at last, and now they are measuring him—twelve feet from head to tail—and now a man is

cutting him open, and see what the man discovers—nails, buttons, an open jack knife and parts of a sailor's shirt and pants. Do they not tell a dreadful story? Let us leave the horrid sight—clear evidence of the fate of some poor sailor.

What is that boy doing high up in the rigging of the ship? He is reefing the sails, for if you look out yonder in the far distance you will see a cloud not bigger in appearance than your hand, and the captain knows by experience that it foretells a storm, and so he is having all things made taut. See how quickly the cloud approaches, and how it increases in size, and what a wind is springing up! But that boy up aloft don't mind it in the least, he is singing away quite merrily. What are you writing in your note book? Some verses, eh? Well, please to let us hear them, what are they about?

THE SAILOR BOY ALOFT.

Up, up and far aloft,
The sturdy sea boy swings;
He knows no fear or danger,
As merrily he sings.
How readily he answers
To the officer's sharp call;
Heeds not the storm and tempest,
Whatever may befall.

He reeves the ropes as nimbly
As maiden doth her thread,
And marks his steps as surely
As she on land would tread;
To landsmen 't looks fearful,
But he, child of the sea,
It is his pride and pleasure,
And his free choice to be.

What may he there be thinking
High dangling in the air?
Perhaps for dear ones far away,
To heaven he breathes a prayer,
As their images he fancies
Reflected in the wave.
Let's trust that bright blue mirror
Be not his early grave.

Perhaps he is an orphan,
And from want to sea did go;
No friends to greet him kindly,
Or affection to him show.
A kind word to a lone heart
A savior doth prove oft,
Then let us breath a blessing
For the sailor boy aloft.

Hold tight! or you will be dashed to the other side of the vessel. O, what a ducking! Why, the waves dash right over the ship, although it is as high as a two story house. What a gale is blowing, and what a hight the waves now are! They are as big as our Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. What a helpless little thing our big ship now appears, contesting with the mighty waves! Ugh! We have shipped another big sea and we are all like drowned rats, so, before we are washed overboard, let us scramble down below and turn into bunk for the night. Ah! now we are snug, as now we go up, and now we go down, roll to the right and then to the left; a baby's cradle is nothing to it. At one moment the floor is the wall, and at another the wall is the floor. Talk about being shook well up, now is the time to realize the benefits and comforts of a bunk at sea, for we will soon be rocked to sleep, and then dream the happy hours away, seeing visions of the loved ones we have left far away in our dear mountain home.

Well, last night was a pretty rough go, wasn't it? But now the elements are at rest and we can venture on deck once more

in safety. Phew! how warm it is! We must take off the clothes we are wearing and put on some linen ones, for we are fast approaching the tropics; that is, that belt or strip bordering on the equator, and that is the hottest part of the earth, for there the sun's rays come down vertically. The sailors are putting up awnings on deck to shelter us from the heat. O dear! a baker's oven is nothing in comparison, we shall be roasted alive.

Come here, and look as far as you can right ahead! Do you see that dark line in the horizon, looking like a cloud on the water? That is land—the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, of which you have heard so much. Let us watch from time to time. See! it now looks as if the land was rising out of the sea! Is not that a pretty good proof the world is round like a Dutchman's cheese, and not flat like a slapjack? Now we see the outlines of the mountains; and again looking, after a while, with the help of a telescope we see trees and houses. The distance at sea is very deceitful, for although the land looks so near we are nearly forty miles from shore, and it will be about four hours before we lay alongside the wharf at Honolulu. Hurrah! to night we will sleep in Honolulu, the land of perpetual summer—the land of the banana, the orange and the pine-apple.

Correspondence.

SALT LAKE CITY,

January 17, 1876.

Editor Juvenile Instructor:

DEAR BROTHER:—I thought it would be interesting to our youth to give a brief statement of the results of my visit to our northern settlements, to collect fossils and rocks for the geological department of the Deseret Museum.

It is many years since I visited the north, and I went there now full of expectation that I might be successful in finding something useful in the interest of science.

On visiting the quarry at Hampton I was surprised and delighted to find a large number of fossils, casts of shells of several varieties. I saw at once that they were fresh water species; I brought down a large number of specimens which have since been examined and they prove to belong to comparatively recent genera.

I also went to Logan Canyons and was fortunate enough to break off from the rock itself specimens of fossil sea weed, such as are called fucoids; these prove the great antiquity of the rock in which they were found. Besides these, several specimens of ancient corals and shells belonging to the carboniferous epoch were obtained. These were scattered about as they may be found by any who visit that canon.

I also visited Ogden canon and obtained fine specimens of iron ore from one of the mines; I did not succeed in obtaining any of the curious concretions that are found there in the neighborhood of the thermal springs; these concretions I am informed have their origin in the large amount of lime which is held in solution in the water. Minute pebbles are covered round with the lime, and these are afterward cemented together like large grapes; some of the boys call them "petrified nuts."

I must not forget to mention a very interesting little insect I found in Ogden canyon. On arriving at the iron mine we found the snow to be four feet deep, on the surface of which I noticed some very minute, black, specks, which on examination I proved to be a little flea beetle, belonging to the genus *Haltia*. There seemed to be millions of them all hopping and walking about on the snow enjoying themselves first class.

Yours Respectfully,

W. D. JOHNSON, JR.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 1, 1876.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

FEW parents, even among the Latter-day Saints, attach sufficient importance to the early training of their children, especially in matters of religion, and faith in God and His promises. That many of the Latter-day Saints are remiss in this one particular, though, is not owing to the fact that they feel no interest in the future welfare of their children and have no desire to see them grow up to be strong in faith and valiant for the cause of God; but rather that they do not fully realize the force and effect of early training upon a person, in shaping his course and forming his character for life. They know that they live at a period when God has set up His kingdom for the last time upon the earth, and that they are members of that kingdom, and they are generally ambitious that their children should grow up in the faith, and never forsake that kingdom; but they do not always realize that in order to insure against their losing the faith, it is necessary to implant within their hearts almost in their infancy and cultivate in them as they grow up, a love for the principles of their religion, and a firm and enduring faith in God.

If the Latter-day Saints devoted sufficient attention to this one particular and always set their children an example consistent with their profession such a thing as infidelity or skepticism would not be known among the rising generation. When children so trained arrived at years of maturity they would have such an understanding of the principles of their religion, and their faith in God and in His revealed laws would be so strong, that no power on earth could shake their faith.

While such a result might be brought about by training the children in the way indicated, an entirely opposite result may be produced by implanting within their minds in their childhood and cultivating in them as they grow up a spirit of unbelief and erroneous ideas in regard to religion. The chances are that those early impressions would continue with them and influence their actions throughout the whole of their lives. And even if they should become convinced in the later period of their lives of the fallacy of their early teachings, they would still be apt to feel the effect of them as if they had become a part of their very natures.

The Catholics, perhaps more than any other religious sect of the present day pay particular attention to the early training of their children, and we see as a result how very few Catholics have ever been converted to the faith of the Latter-day Saints. The effect of their early training in Catholicism is such that it has so far seemed almost impossible to make steadfast, faithful Latter-day Saints out of persons who have been so trained in that faith.

We have an excellent illustration of the effect of early training given us in the Book of Alma (Book of Mormon). We read there that a certain party of Lamanites, called the people of Ammon, had "by the power and word of God been converted unto the Lord," and had taken an oath that they

never would shed any more blood. So sacred and binding did they consider this oath that they would have suffered the other Lamanites, who were then at war with the Nephites, to kill them, rather than break their oath. This being the case they were at the mercy of the hostile Lamanites, and so the Nephites took them under their protection. The war continued to rage between the two nations, until finally the Nephites were reduced to a great strait for want of men to defend their cities, and the Lamanites had gained ground upon them and taken possession of a number of their cities. The people of Ammon, seeing the dangerous condition of their protectors, and feeling, doubtless, that they were partially the cause of it, through having allowed the Nephites to protect them, were constrained to break the covenant which they made and take up their weapons to assist the Nephites. They were, however, counseled not to do so; but they had a great many sons growing up who had not taken the oath not to fight, and these boys or as many of them as were able to bear arms assembled themselves together and entered into covenant to fight in the defense of their friends, the Nephites. Now, though these striplings of boys were without experience in fighting, they had been trained from their infancy to have faith in God, and in the religion of their parents, so much so that they said among themselves "behold our God is with us, and he will not suffer that we should fall; then let us go forth." And they did go forth, to the number of two thousand, and though they were very young, it is said they were very valiant and courageous, so much so that their leader, Helaman, who familiarly called the boys all his sons, said, "Never had I seen so great courage, nay, not even amongst the Nephites." But this was not all that distinguished them. As the effect of their early training, we read that "they were true at all times in what ever thing they were entrusted, yea, they were men of truth and soberness, for they had been taught to keep the commandments of God, and to walk upright before Him." These were qualities that would make them valuable soldiers; and that is not all, they would make them good citizens and good members of society, and equally valuable in any vocation in which they might be called to act.

We may regard this result as wholly due to the example and teachings these boys had received from their parents, especially from their mothers, for we read that "they had been taught by their mothers that if they did not doubt, that God would deliver them;" and also that they rehearsed the words of their mothers to their leader when they were going to war; and no doubt they relied as implicitly on those words as they would have done if they had come from God.

Relying upon God as they did, and having no fear of death, but rather a determination to preserve their parents and friends from their enemies, it is not surprising that their leader should say afterwards that "never were men known to have fought with such miraculous strength, and with such mighty power." The sequel proved that their faith was well founded, for when they were numbered after the battle was over it was found that not one of them had been killed.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.—How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the heaviest duties, and look all men in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience, void of offense before God and man. There is no spring, no spur, no inspiration like this. To feel that we have omitted no task, and left no obligation undischarged. This indeed fills the heart with satisfaction and the soul with strength.

JULES GERARD.

IN our last number we gave our readers a sketch on the subject of lion hunting in Algiers, and an account of one of Jules Gerard's exploits in hunting the king of the forest. In the present number we give you a picture of that brave hunter and the story of his pet lion.

Once the people of a village sent a message to Gerard saying that a lioness and her cubs were in the adjacent forest, and she was making terrible havoc among their cattle. The courageous man told them he would rid them of their great enemy, although

at his throat. It was about eight o'clock when he heard the rustling of leaves and heavy steps drawing near. Was this the lioness coming at last? He waited breathlessly—waited to kill her with a close shot when her fiery eyes would show themselves. But if he missed that one chance, he was a doomed man. Any moment he might hear her infuriated roar.

Hark! what was that? Only the low plaintive cry of a hungry little cub, seeking for food. Soon the leaves parted, and he saw its small bright eyes. Gerard, thoroughly amused at the excitement it had caused him, captured it easily. He wrapped it in the skirts of his large cloak, and carried it away with him.



he had just heard how a lioness that had little ones to take care of had torn two men limb from limb but a short time before.

He entered the forest, and before he had walked far among the trees he found one of the cubs lying snugly on a bed of fallen leaves. It was a young lioness, only the size of a very large cat. He took it away to the *douar*, and about sunset returned to the forest. It was a February evening, and darkness came on quickly. At last it was night, and still Gerard stood leaning against a tree, too tired to hold his gun in position for firing, and expecting every moment to see the glowing eyes of the lioness; while his imagination led him to fancy that she was ever close to him, unperceived in the darkness, preparing to spring

Many times as he walked on he was startled by the distant cries and roars of wild beasts. Sometimes he fancied that the lioness was pursuing him to get back her little one. But after three or four hours, he reached the *douar* in safety, and going into one of the tents, examined his burden.

It was a young lion, larger than the other cub, and far handsomer. The soldier called him "Hubert."

The two animals were very different in character. The small lioness hid herself as best she could, and scratched viciously whatever hand came near her; but Hubert remained sitting up or stretched before the fire, while the women seemed never to tire of patting and caressing him. By-and-by a goat was

brought in, and Hubert was fed with its milk; and when Gerard laid down to rest that night, he drew the young lion into his arms, covered him up with his cloak, and they slept together quite comfortably until morning.

Next day, a useless search for the old lioness was made all through the surrounding country. She was gone. When the first cub had been stolen from her out of the forest, she had left the second to its fate, and taken a third away with her. When Gerard heard this, he left the *douar*, and, with his two pets, went back to the camp at Guelma.

In a short time the little lioness died; but Hubert thrived wonderfully. Before long he was able to consume daily the milk of several goats, and he was growing up high-spirited, and strong and handsome.

He was a general favorite with the soldiers, but he did not care for everybody. He only bestowed his affection on his master and three others—the trumpeter of the regiment, the farrier, and an Arab soldier. Occasionally his fierce nature broke out; for it is recorded in the book in which the soldiers wrote down all his remarkable doings, that when he was only seven or eight months old, he escaped into the market-place of Guelma, and, frightening away the Arabs, killed several sheep and a donkey. After this, instead of being allowed to go free about the camp, he was chained in a sort of sentry-box at the entrance of the stables.

But such a chain was as nothing to the strength of this splendid animal. One day a robber crept in among the horses. The lion on guard broke loose and seized him; and then taking his prisoner back with him into his box, he gave him up, much torn, when the officer came on his rounds of inspection. He was now secured by two chains. A few months after, he showed himself still fiercer; and when he had strangled a horse, and attacked and torn two soldiers, they considered it time to keep him in a cage. And yet he was gentle and affectionate as ever to his few chosen friends.

Sometimes, at night, when every one else was out of the way, Jules Gerard would come and open the cage door. Then his noble favorite, bounding out, would frisk about him like a dog, or clasp him between soft but heavy paws, and hug him with all joy and affection. Never did he let his terrible claws protrude, never showed his teeth; but one night he gave his master such a tight embrace, that some soldiers had to rescue him when he was almost suffocated. After that he discontinued his visits to the cage; but he saw with sorrow that the poor beast was becoming savage and morose from long confinement.

It was at this time that an officer wanted to buy Hubert for the King of Sardinia. The price offered was equal to six hundred dollars. Jules Gerard refused. He would not sell his favorite, yet he gave him away. The Duc d'Aumale, one of the French princes, had shown Gerard much kindness, and he was at the time making a collection of animals for gardens at Algiers; so Hubert was offered to him, and accepted. But the lion was so large and so handsome, that the Duke sent him to the *Jardin des Plantes*—the Zoological Gardens of Paris—and Jules Gerard was asked to see him in safety over to France.

During the voyage he was sometimes let out of his cage. Strong ropes were stretched across the deck to prevent the sailors from coming too near; then Gerard would open the door of the cage, and let him out, though still fastened by a chain. These visits always ended in the feeding of the lion. At each meal he was given a large piece of meat, ten pounds or so at a time, and when he had finished it would lie down at his ease in the sun.

The ship reached France. Hubert was left at Marseilles, while the soldier went on to see his friends. When he returned, he found the captive lion altered already, looking melancholy and miserable; and when he turned to go away, he heard him roaring furiously, and bounding in his cage. He went back, and in a moment the animal was quiet, lying down close to the bars: and while he patted him with his hand Hubert fell asleep. Then Gerard stole away, and left him.

It was three months before he saw the lion again. Then he was in Paris, and went with some friends to the Zoological Gardens. Hubert was lying down, looking out dreamily from behind the bars at the crowds of people moving slowly by; but before long he perceived his old master's presence. Gerard put his hand into the cage. The lion smelt at it, looking at him intently. But when he heard the well-known voice say, "Hubert, my old soldier!" he sprang up, and with one bound dashed his weight against the shaking and groaning bars.

The crowd drew back, startled; and the lion, still clinging to the front of his cage, was at one time roaring with joy or with rage that he could not rush out, and gambol round his master, as he did long ago; at another time he was quietly licking the soldier's hand with his great rough tongue.

But at last Gerard could stay no longer; yet each time he turned away, the lion, roaring, and rushing against his bars, obliged him to come back. Over and over again he went to a little distance, and returned, trying to make his poor favorite understand that he would come again to visit him; but time after time the noble animal, in his rage and grief, made the whole gallery resound and shake.

After that day Gerard went often to the gardens; but he knew that the lion was pining away. The keepers said it had a bad effect on him to see his master so often—it induced melancholy. He should let a longer time go by between his visits.

He went there next in the month of May. He hastened into the gallery where his favourite was kept; but before he reached the cage, a keeper stopped him, and, looking at him rather sadly, said, "Sir, you need not come again—your poor Hubert is dead!"

A VISION.

BY G. W. HILL.

AGREEABLE to promise, I will relate a vision that one of my old friends, a Bannock Indian, had about the first of last October.

Old Wash-a-ti-vo's oldest son was going on a visit to the Nez Perces when this vision was shown to him. Wash-a-ti-vo was a friend to the Nez Perces; he used to go with them to the buffalo country and fought side by side with them, against the Black Feet, on many a well contested battle field. This being the case, his son felt as if he would like to visit these old friends, the Nez Perces, not having seen them for some time, and spend the winter with them.

While upon this journey he passed some four or five days without food, after which he came upon a very fat buffalo in the most unlikely place for a buffalo to be found, there having been none seen in that region for years. He killed the animal, and cooked and ate as much as he could of the meat, and then cut off sufficient to last him the rest of the journey, and started on. He had not proceeded very far when a personage appeared to him, in the open day, and told him he was a father of the Indians, and gave him a small stick covered with some kind of

writing, which he said was the writing of the forefathers of these Indians. He also told him that there was another one of their forefathers coming, and they would see him. He charged him solemnly to send an account to all the Indians of what he should see and hear that day, and hide nothing from them. He then waved his hand, and it seemed as if a door opened, and he could see the nations of the dead. It seemed to him as if he could see as far as from Ogden to Salt Lake, and they were standing as thick as they could be. The Indian had no idea that there had ever been so many of his race. They were shaking hands and hugging one another as if they had been separated for a long time and were very glad to see one another. The personage told him these were enemies when they lived, and had been killed by their brethren. After he had looked at this scene for about half an hour the personage waved his hand, and the door was shut. He then talked to the Indian and told him what he must say to the other Indians. He told him that when he made known to the Indians that he had seen him they would say he lied, that no person had seen the Indians' father, for a long time; and that he must then ask them to send a delegation with him to see the same, and for him to bring them to the same place, and they should see for themselves. After talking to him for some time about his duties, the personage waved his hand again as at first, when the door was again opened, and he beheld a second time, his forefathers who had died or been killed: after which the door was closed and the same teachings he had before received were repeated, when the personage disappeared.

The Indian proceeded on his journey, but felt very faint and sick; so much so that when he arrived at the Nez Perces camp he was reduced to a mere skeleton. Soon after his arrival the chiefs of the Nez Perces came together, and after the pipe had passed they wanted to hear the news from the Sho-sho-nece country, but he could think only of his vision, which, when he related it to them, they were not disposed to believe, but told him that he lied. They declared that no person had seen the Indians' father, not their dead ancestors either. He then asked them if they believed he had killed a buffalo near the place where he had seen the vision. They replied that they knew he had not; if he had killed anything it must have been a white man's cow. He then produced some of the meat he had brought with him, and asked the head chief to taste it, and satisfy himself as to whether it was buffalo meat or not. The chief tasted of it and pronounced it buffalo meat, and then passed it around the circle for all the chiefs to taste, and they all decided the same. The Bannock then told them to get ready and go with him, and they should see and hear for themselves.

A council was then held by the chiefs of the Flat-Heads, Toke-e-rick-ers and Nez Perces, on the subject, and they finally concluded to go with the Bannock; so about twenty of the chiefs got ready and started, telling their Indians as they left them that they were going where Wash-a-ti-vo's boy said for them to go, and stop where he told them to stop; and they would wait there, and if their father did not come to see them they would return in the fall; but if he did, they might stay till spring.

The Indians say that the party have not returned, nor even been heard from, but they are looking anxiously for news from them early in the spring.

PARROTS.

BY BETH.

(Concluded.)

WHEN an Indian wants to catch a parrot without hurting it, he will go to the forest, and perhaps light a fire near a

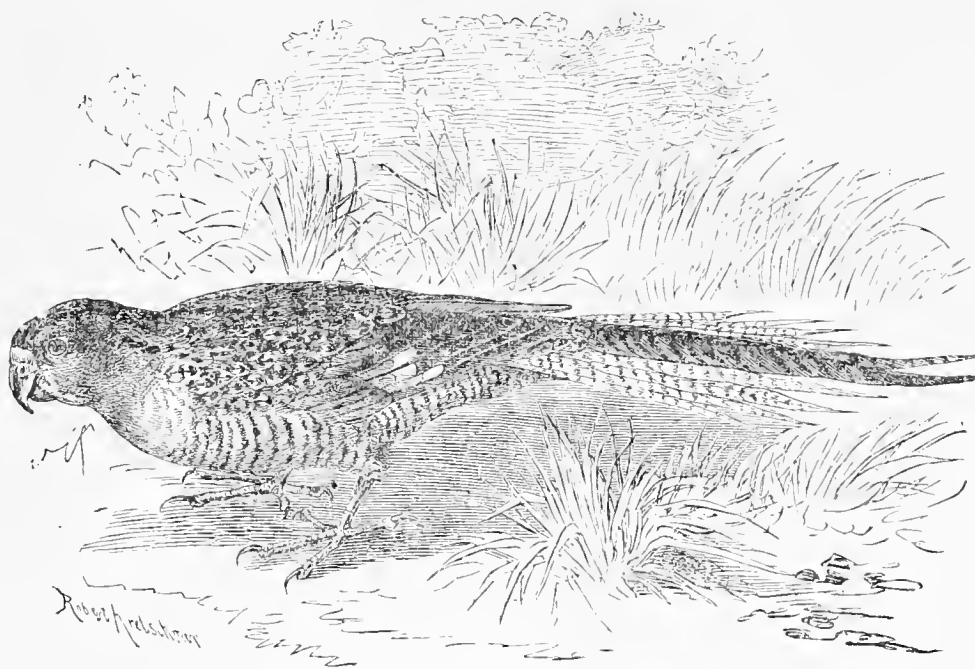
tree where the birds are perched. In this he will throw plants which have the effect of stupefying the parrots, which will drop senseless at his feet; these he will gather up and carry off to sell. Sometimes, if they are young green-plumaged birds, he will not think them showy enough, and will pull out the growing feathers, and rub the skin with a dye

which will cause the next feathers to grow red or yellow. A cruel way, you will think, to get a fine dress; but I suppose it is on the principle that fine feathers make fine birds.

Sometimes, instead of smoking them out, he will shoot the pretty creatures with blunt arrows, which only stun them for a time, then he carries them home, and tries to teach them to talk.

If you could see them in their native country you would find that they are very much dreaded by the farmers, for they are always on the watch to help themselves from the fruit-trees; they will come settling down like a beautiful fairy like stream of colors—green, red, blue, white—chattering, screaming, piping with delight; they will settle on the fruit or rice groves, and peck and break and steal until they have done a great deal of damage, though they are shot at and caught in traps as much as possible, for the natives hate the sight of them, because of the damage they do.

A green paroquet at the Museum gives perfect utterance to "Polly wants a cracker," he calls the chickens: "coop, coop, coop," imitates the mewing of a cat, says "pretty Polly," calls the name of the attendant, and sings very prettily "All are talking of Utah."



THE GOLDMAKERS' VILLAGE.

From Chambers' Miscellany.

(Continued.)

ENCOURAGED by the interest which he appeared to have excited, Oswald next spoke of the indifference of the parson; but here he struck a wrong chord. Looking sternly at his visitor, and his neatly tied queue almost bristling with indignation, the old man called on him to stop his false accusations. "You ill-mannered rascal," said he, "do you imagine I can sit here to listen to your revilements of all authorities, spiritual as well as temporal! I suppose you are one of those discontented, fault-finding wretches who are never at rest, but would turn everything topsy-turvy! Away with you and your catalogue of grievances, or I will send you to the house of correction! Your clergyman, so far from being what you represent him, is one of the best of men, for he is my own cousin!"

After this rebuff, Oswald had not the courage to apply elsewhere on the subject, and he returned sorrowfully to the village.

On arriving at Goldenthal, in the afternoon, Oswald told no one of the bad result of his journey, but put on a cheerful face, and spoke in a friendly way to those whom he met, even to his worst enemy, Brenzel, the host of the *Lion*, who was majestically standing with folded arms at the tavern-door.

"Good evening, neighbor Brenzel," said Oswald: "you have soon done your day's work."

"I think I deserve my day's wages at all events," said Brenzel, "if I stay at home only to drive the beggars from my door."

Oswald was disgusted as he heard this unfeeling speech from the man, and, without any further conversation, hastened homeward. He was cheered when, approaching the mill, he found Elizabeth, the daughter of Siegfried the miller, sitting in the shadow of the cherry-tree, at the front of the house, and sewing. Though he endeavored to appear cheerful, she saw that he was sorrowful at heart, and earnestly questioned him of the cause of his grief. "You have been over to the town," said she, "and have seen what you like better than anything at Goldenthal, and now you will not be able to remain with us."

Then Oswald explained to her the cause of his sorrow. He did not mean to leave Goldenthal; but the deterioration of the place had grieved him deeply, and he could find none disposed to assist him in the work of reformation. As he spoke of the sad habits of the villagers, Elizabeth replied: "We have just had another instance. Our old schoolmaster, who, you know, was a dissipated character, is drowned. Coming home tipsy from the *Eagle*, he fell into the pond by the roadside, and was found only after life was extinct. Happily, he has left neither wife nor child."

This news seemed to affect Oswald in no small degree. He became studious after hearing it, and went home full of thought. Elizabeth could not guess what great matter he was considering, but she discovered it the following Sunday. After service, the parishioners were called together to elect a new schoolmaster. Oswald attended the meeting. The miller, at the suggestion of his daughter Elizabeth, stood at the side of Oswald, ready to check him whenever his indignation was in danger of uttering itself too strongly.

The first of the parish authorities, Mr. Brenzel, opened the meeting by a speech. As the office of schoolmaster was vacant, and was one of the least important in the parish (for the salary was only forty guilders a year,—or \$15.20) he was happy to be

able to recommend to the parish a suitable man, willing to fill the place. This was the tailor, Mr. Specht, whose trade was very dull, and who was, moreover, related to him, the speaker, on the mother's side.

The host of the *Eagle* came forward to propose, as an amendment, that his poor cousin Schluck, a lame fiddler, should fill the office; for he was willing to do it, considering the poverty of the parish, for a salary of only thirty-five guilders per annum. In weighing the qualifications of the candidates, he hoped it would be remembered that Mr. Schluck had a large family. This, with the fact of the saving of five guilders, would doubtless influence the votes of the parishioners.

Specht the tailor, as he saw that many of the voters were very much taken with this tempting offer, came forward to give the fiddler a very bad character, and, further, offered to perform all the duties of the office at a salary of only thirty guilders. At this the fiddler was so enraged, that he called the tailor by many most disgraceful names, and again offered himself at a reduced salary: twenty-five guilders would be enough for him. The tailor, who could not go below this, declared he would call Schluck before the magistrate to answer for the libels he had uttered, and so gave up further competition.

The voters were accordingly prepared to install the fiddler in the office of schoolmaster, when Oswald stood forward and spoke: "What! will you give more to your cow-herd, and even to your swine-herd, than to the man to whom you would confide the instruction of your children in piety and useful knowledge? Are you not ashamed of such a sin? I know your parish purse is empty; and the poor people, who can hardly gain potatoes and salt, let alone bread, cannot afford to pay for schooling. I will make a third offer: I will be your schoolmaster, and demand no salary. It shall not cost the parish a farthing: only let me have the place." The Goldenthalers looked at each other in amazement. Some objected to the proposal: they did not know what such a man would teach their children: perhaps the black art! But the majority in the meeting considered chiefly the saving of twenty-five guilders yearly, and cried out that Oswald should by all means be the schoolmaster. Accordingly, he was elected.

Elizabeth heard the result of the meeting, and felt as if she must sink into the earth with shame and confusion. No wonder: for, next to the watchman and the swine-herd, no man in the village held an office so low in estimation as that of the schoolmaster. Even the sensible miller, Siegfried, shook his head, and said: "Oswald must have lost his senses!" But Oswald had formed his plan, and kept to his determination. He formally passed an examination: and as he could write a good hand, and knew something more of accounts than a peasant needed, he was considered eligible, and appointed, by the authorities of the neighboring town, schoolmaster at Goldenthal. But now he had to convince his friends of the propriety of his plan.

"Elizabeth," said he, "do not despair of my undertaking, nor count it a folly. You see we can do little for the old people; let us begin with the young ones, and try what we can do with them. A village schoolmaster's is indeed a despised office; but our religion teaches us to remember how low the Savior stooped to teach mankind. If our rulers and great men had a better understanding, they would be more careful about the appointment of country schoolmasters than of the professors in our colleges. But lowly matters are too much neglected; and the consequence is, the nation seems top-heavy, and even thrones stand upon an insecure foundation."

Having formed his resolutions, Oswald was not the man to shrink from what he considered his duty. It was no doubt a thankless task he was undertaking: but it is no true benevo-

lence which looks about for thanks. Conscious that he was doing good to the best of his ability, he felt that his reward would consist in seeing his ends accomplished. With no fear of the result, he made preparations for commencing the profession of teacher, and when winter came on, he opened his school. On the first day, he placed himself at the door of the school-house, and received the children with kind attention. Some had muddy shoes, and he bade them clean them before they entered the decent school-room. He shook hands with all who came in cleanly style, but turned away the dirty hands to be washed. Some came with hair uncombed and matted, and were sent home to use comb and brush. But all who came combed and washed, received from their new teacher a kiss on the brow. The boys and girls wondered: some blushed, some laughed, and others cried. They had never known such treatment before. Many parents complained of these over-nice regulations; but Oswald insisted on them, and in the course of a little time found a good result in the decency of his pupils. The reformation he produced in the course of a quarter, by mild and firm management, amazed the parents. Some old women broadly hinted that such wonders could not be done by fair means: there must be some magic at work. Others told a strange story of a rat-catcher somewhere, who enticed many children to follow him, and then vanished with them all down a hole in a mountain. But the most prevalent report was, that Oswald was teaching the children a new religion; and this was so seriously believed, that two official gentlemen from the town were deputed to inspect the school.

The badly disposed villagers were delighted to hear of this commission of inspection, and waited with anxiety to hear that Oswald was to be dismissed. The commission came unexpectedly one morning when Oswald was about to open his school; but the appearance of the gentlemen by no means discomposed him, for he had nothing to conceal. The visitors, after explaining their object, watched the children as they assembled and took their seats in an orderly manner. When all were seated, Oswald, as usual, addressed his pupils.

"Dear children," said he, "let us, before all things, bow before God our Father, and offer our thanksgivings and prayers." As he spoke, the children, in number fifty-five, folded their hands, and fell upon their knees. Oswald then knelt down, and the visitors, a little surprised, followed his example. The teacher then offered a prayer so simple, that the child of only six years could understand it; and one of the visitors, an alderman, was so far moved that tears gathered in his eyes. When the prayer was ended, all the children arose, and, guided by the notes and words on a suspended board, sang in harmony a morning hymn. Then the school divided itself into classes, under the appointed monitors, and the various tasks of the day were studied. One peculiar method of teaching used by Oswald should be mentioned. The last hour in the afternoon he generally occupied by telling the boys and girls an amusing story, in which some useful lesson was contained. The visitors saw enough of his methods during the day to be convinced that Oswald was one of the best and worthiest teachers in the country, and that all that was said against him was a scandal.

(To be Continued.)

NEGLECT the duty of an hour, and it is an hour irretrievably lost. Crowd this neglected duty into the next hour, and you crowd out of it its own appointed task, and some task out of life. A lost hour is lost beyond recall. Time not only lapses unimproved, but it works changes.

Questions and Answers ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

REIGN OF THE JUDGES

LESSON CII.

Q.—What were the feelings of those who were in the prison with Lehi and Nephi?

A.—An awful, solemn fear came upon them.

Q.—What was heard amid the trembling walls?

A.—A mild voice, calling upon the wicked to repent.

Q.—How many times was this voice heard?

A.—Three times.

Q.—Who was among the dissenters in the prison?

A.—Aminadab, a Nephite by birth.

Q.—What did he see, and tell the people?

A.—He saw the faces of Nephi and Lehi shine exceedingly and he told the people they were conversing with angels.

Q.—What did he tell the Lamanites should be done in order to remove the cloud of darkness.

A.—He told them they must repent and have faith in Christ.

Q.—Did they do as he said?

A.—Yes; and the darkness was removed.

Q.—When they looked around what did they see?

A.—They beheld the heavens open and angels came down to them.

Q.—How many persons witnessed these things?

A.—About three hundred.

Q.—What did they do?

A.—They went forth declaring to the people what they had seen and heard.

Q.—What result attended their labors?

A.—Many Lamanites were convinced of the truth and did lay down their weapons of war.

Q.—At the end of the sixty-second year of the reign of the judges, what was the condition of the people?

A.—The Lamanites were mostly converted and they did fellowship with the Nephites.

Q.—What was the result of this good feeling among the people?

A.—They became very rich.

Q.—What occurred in the sixty-sixth year of the reign of the judges?

A.—Cezoram was murdered.

Q.—Who succeeded him?

A.—His son, who was also murdered.

Q.—What feeling arose in the next year?

A.—The people again began to grow wicked.

Q.—Who were the murderers of Cezoram and his son?

A.—The band of robbers of whom Gadianton was leader.

Q.—What did the Lamanites try to do with these robbers?

A.—They tried to destroy them.

Q.—At the end of the sixty-eighth year of the reign of the judges, what had been done with the robbers?

A.—They had been converted among the Lamanites, but among the Nephites they became very powerful.

Q.—What occurred early the next year?

A.—Nephi, Helaman's son, returned from the land northward.

Q.—What success did he have in his preaching?

A.—The people rejected all his words.

Q.—What did he do when he saw the wickedness of his own people, and the power of Gadianton's band?

A.—He left, sorrowfully, and ascended a tower where he bowed himself in grief.

Q.—By whom was he seen?

A.—By some men passing along the road, who told the people, and a great crowd was soon collected around the tower.

DESERET.

WORDS BY RICHARD ALLDRIDGE.

MUSIC BY HENRY EMERY.

We hope, O Lord, that we may prove
The worthy objects of thy love!
Watch o'er us while we thus incline
Our hearts to learning truths divine.

Before we from this meeting go
Do thou a blessing, Lord bestow;
Accept our gratitude and praise,
And guide us through our future days.

Our teachers, Lord, inspire each heart,
That they may act the wiser part,
And put such blessings in their mind
As shall to us prove good and kind.

SUNDAY LESSONS. FOR LITTLE LEARNERS.

ON THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.—LESSON XXVI

- Q.—Where are the names of these twelve witnesses to be found?
A.—On the first page of the Book of Mormon.
Q.—When Joseph had finished the translation what did he do?
A.—He made arrangements for five thousand copies to be printed.
Q.—In what place?
A.—In Palmyra, Wayne Co. N. Y.
Q.—What was the name of the printer?
A.—Mr. Egbert Grandon.
Q.—How much did Mr. Grandon agree to print five thousand copies for?
A.—Three thousand dollars.
Q.—About this time were there many inquirers after the truth?
A.—Yes, a great many.
Q.—What followed?
A.—They were baptized for the remission of their sins.
Q.—Did Joseph and Oliver Cowdery receive the Melchisedeck priesthood or Apostleship?
A.—Yes.
Q.—In what way?
A.—They were ordained under the hands of Peter, James and John.
Q.—What authority did this ordination give them?
A.—It gave them the authority to give the Holy Ghost to those who were baptized.
Q.—When was the church organized?
A.—On the sixth day of April, 1830.
Q.—Who appointed that day?
A.—The Lord.

THE verbal puzzle published in No. 1 has been solved by B. J. Beer, Charles Reynolds, and Charles Caffall, Salt Lake City. The answer is as follows:

If you wish to understand me you must overcome all difficulties which surround me, for knowledge is only to be attained by understanding and overcoming.

WHAT you keep by you you may change and mend, but words once spoken you can never recall.

OUR PUZZLE BOX.

THE following quaint epitaph was published in the *Universal Magazine*, in London, in 1764. We fancy it will puzzle some of our little readers to make sense of it:

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